LILLIAN RUSSELL SMILES AND CHAIS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. Comte Opera Bertring... The Grand Duches

Her-Secret of Meesing Youngon Bicycling-The New Weman-The War Lillian Russell is certainly a radiant creature Even those who are least likely to be at tracted by her personality must admit this when she looms up in all her physical beauty on the stage before them. She is one woman who does not rall at Mother Age and Father Time; she defies both, and she does it with a laugh or her pretty lips. She refuses to grow old, and result she keeps her hold on the public's Schle heart. For more than twenty years she Seen a favorite here, and she says she'll try to be a favorite for another twenty, unless

gets rich enough to retire or dies. When a Sun reporter was admitted to her dressing room at the Broadway Theatre the other evening she was in high good humor. What about! Because she is drawing crowded houses! Not at all: simply because it is first nature with her to be good-humored,

"Come right in," she called out hospitably "I'm downright glad to see you. I have a fortyminute wait right here, and it's a downright bore unless some one happens in to see me. We'll just have a nice, cony, friendly little visit, though, and do let's try to forget that we are interviewer and interviewee. Is that a good enough word to express it!"

"That'll pass," said the reporter. "You say you don't enjoy this long wait?" "That depends," answered the prima donna

with a smile and a shrug of her shoulders. 'Seriously, I do not like it at all. I bate this opera, 'The Wedding Day,' any way. I have no part at all in it. Think of my having one wait of forty minutes! When I am at the theatre I want to work, and I want to work hard all the time, and when I'm away from it -well, I'm afraid I don't want to do anything but have a good time. I can tell you, I improved the shining hour while we were on the road this season. It is amazing the number of books I've read in my dressing room this winter. So, perhaps, I shouldn't complain." "Do you think that comic opera is as popular

"I think it is regaining its popularity. That is, legitimate comic opera is. You can state it as a fact that the old Casino days of permanent comic opera are coming back. A permanent stock company will undoubtedly soon be formed and all of the French and German comic operas will be given in fine style. This must be done if people want to hear me sing. Never as long as I live will I go traipsing over the country playing one-night stands. I'm a remarkably strong woman, but I can't stand that. It may do for those who merely play and do not sing and therefore have no need to take such care of their voices, but it is ruination to a singer.

in New York as it used to be?"

"But to get back to comic opera. For while it seemed to be on the wane here. It deteriorated. There were several reasons for this, I think. The fault was not with the com-

teriorated. There were several reasons for this, I think. The fault was not with the composers of the operas put on, because just as good music was written as formerly. Neither did it lie with the players, for as time goes by we have more and more competent people to play the parts. The public was responsible for this deterioration. People demanded too nuch. Instead of wanting a legitimate comic opera they wanted a vaudevile show. They wanted a little skirt dancing, a little fancy dancing, a little of this, that, or the other, so our comic operas came to be full of horse play. This is not the case now, however, and the public will welcome the advent of a stock company."

"What's your favorite comic opera?"

"The Grand Duchess," she answered, emphatically. "See here, Lizzie, turning to the Irishwoman who has served her as a maid for more than twelve years, "get my Japaness gown and old slippers, so I can be perfectly comfortable. This is growing interesting. You know I like to talk about these things. You know I like to talk about these things. You know I like to talk about these things. You, and that opera never yet failed to pack a house. This thing, waving her hand toward the stage, "makes me sick. Then I had a beautiful part in "Giroffé-Giroffa' and 'La Pertchole.' But 'The Grand Duchess' is my favorite. Do I aspire to do more than take the same class of parts I've always taken! No, I do not. I have no ambition to sing in grand opera. My ambition is to sing in a permanent stock company such as I've described. No grand opera for me, if you please. This work is quite hard enough for me. A day laborer complains because he has to work eight or ten hours. When we poor people are on the road we average eighteen and twenty hours of work a day, for I consider traveiling the hardest kind of work. You might pay out every dollar you made for course, I should deel differently, but I wasn't and I know my capabilities along my own line, so I think the most sensible thing for me to do is to let well enough alone. Anyway, t

woman, as Aliss Russell moved into another chair and sat down with her head against a huge vase filled with dozens of American Beauty roses. "I know what made you ask that question."

chair and sat down with her head against a huge vase filled with dozens of American Beauty roses.

"I know what made you ask that question," she retorted, shaking with laughter. "You thought I did this for effect, didn't you? Well, if you knew me better you'd know that I don't do things for effect, but because I want to do them. One thing relieved me immensely. I was afraid something about my being as good as I am beautiful was coming, and that always acares me into forty kinds of fits. I'll tell you why before I answer your questions. Whenever I get a letter which begins by saying that the writer has heard of my great beauty, and also that I am as good, as I am beautiful, that means that the said writer wants something. I've kept a whole trunkful of these letters that were actually too funny to throw away. Last week I got one from a young man living in a Pennsylvania town, who said that he was in very bad health and the doctor wished him to go to a certain place and rest for two months. I am making only \$20 a month, he said, 'and hoard is \$12 a week at this place; but if you'll send me \$75 I'll try to make that do. But if you feel roal generous you can send me \$40 more and I'll get my teeth fixed up by a first-rate dentist.' I didn't feel real generous about that time, so I'm afenid the poor young man's teeth are still badly in need o' repair.

"A woman in this State wrote to me not long ago, saying that she had heard that I was a very fine and successful poker player, and that I got her letter about Thursday. I do like a little game of poker, but I have proverbially bad luck. If I could win at it as that woman evidently suspected I could I'd throw up my business in a hurry. People that make these requests always bait their hooks with chaff about my goodness and beauty. Fortunately, all of my correspondence doesn't consist of such letters. For over a year I kopt up a correspondence with Richard Henry Savace, the author, and I wouldn't take anything for his letters. His wife and my mother were great friends and

appeared at ner dressing room door.

"Did she take any of the benefit tickets!" he saked her maid.

"Here's \$5 she left you, and she says you can sell the tickets over again."

"Better 'n nothing," said the man ungraciously, as he took the money and the tickets.

"Now, don't that beat all," exclaimed the indigmant maid, repeating everyising to her mistress as the latter entered the dressing room.

"Oh, I guess he expected a \$50 bill. Lizzie," she responded in a soothing voice. "You know people think I have them to hand out hand over fist, when the truth of the matter is that I am so poor I can't make enough money to buy what I want. If I ever get rich enough," turning once more to her visitor, "I shall retire, but that day will probably never come. Really, though, I'm going to begin to save some money soon—if I can, It's easy enough to make, but hard, hard, hard to keep. What was it you asked me?"

asked me?"

"How you preserve your health and good asked me?"
"How you preserve your health and good looks."
"By taking the very best of care of myself. I get plenty of sleep and take plenty of outdoor exercise. Those two things keep one well, and health makes one wrinkle proof. After the theatre I have a light supper, enjoy myself for a short while, and go to bed. At to clock in the morning I have a cup of coffee and read the papers. I never cat breakfast. The no-breakfast plan! What is that! I never heard of it, but I do not remember the day when I ever ate a breakfast. I do not approve of breakfast, for I do not think we need food in the morning, especially people who cat late at night. After breakfast, when the weather is fine, I go out on my bleyele for a real good spin. I am very fond of wheeling, and it has benefited me no end. Indeed, I think bleyeling fine exercise for any woman, if she does not carry it too far.

"Last year I took my wheel on the road with not, but I had an arcident which laid me up for everal weeks, so this year my managers intended that I should loave it at high. And I did.

I've had lots of funny experiences bikine, but supphow, now that I want to think of them I can't. Any outdoor exercise is good for women if they go at it moderately. People often ask me if wheeling reduces une any. Wheeling will make one fatter instead of thinner unless one diets strictly. That's instural, isn't it I know of nothing which gives one such a ravenously healthy appetite as a bicycle ride, and of course if you come in and eat everything in sight it's gsing to fatten you if you have a tendency that way. After a bicycle ride of an hour or two—and when I say ride I mean ride, for I never stop and loaf around when I start out on my wheel—I come home and a woman is walting to massage, and while I'm resting after that my secretary usually comes and I attend to my nosil. About half-bast 12 my relatives and friends drop in, because it is an understood thing that I want to see them then, and I persuade whoever is there to stay to lunchoon. I break my fast for the first time at that meal. The only dieting I do is not to drink water, wine or anything with my meals. That is very fattening, I think.

"You believe in woman's doing everything possible to preserve her beauty if she has it or to mak hereelf beautiful if she hasn't it, do you noe;1

"By all means, i've heard a great deal of

possible to preserve her beauty if she has it or to mak bersell beautiful if she hasn't it, do you not;

"By all means, i've heard a great deal of the new woman and I must confess I can't exactly place her. If she is the woman who goes to all these women's clubs, I have nothing to say about her, for I have never had an opportunity of meeting club women. If she is the woman who wears manuish clothes, a stiff shirt front, and a man's hat, walks with a swagger, and smokes cigarettes, I thoroughly disapprove of her. Woman's chief charm is her femininity, her grace, her graciousness, her fills and furbelows of dress. Several of my friends have affected this manuish way of dressing for a time, and I'm happy to say I broke them of it. I said, See here, if you expect to be seen at the races and on the street and at the theatre with me, you must dress like a woman. I won't go with you looking like that. Mind you, I believe in the modern teaching which gives women independence. It is the duty of every parent to fit every child, boy or girl, to earn a living. That is only common justice, and a girl may be trained to do this, go into the world, and make herself perfectly independent in every way, and still be dainty and womanly in dress, thought, word, and manner.
"But I didn't finish telling you how I take care

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"But I didn't finish telling you how I take care
of myself. I didn't get to the keynote of the
whole thing. After lunching I rest a little
while, for I do not believe in taking any exercise whatever or doing any work immediately
after eating. Then I go out shopping or visiting for an hour or two, returning home always
before half past 3, when I shut myself up and
lie down for absolute quiet. No person lives
who can see me then. That time I reserve absolut-ly to my own body and soul, and every woman should do the same. It takes a terrible
effort, but after a time beople understand that
that is your hour. In that hour I rest my
nerves, and consequently I always have a good
hold on them. At half past 5 I take a light
dinner and after that rest again until'it is time
to come to the theatre.

"I shall have a long time for absolute rest
this season. We play here only four weeks,
and that ends our season. I'm just going to eat
and sleep and ride my wheel until I sail for
Europe on Aug. I. On Aug. 21 I open at the
Winter Garden in Berlin. I'm delignted at the
prospect of having a new audience in a new
country. How do I like the idea of singing in a
concert hall! Oh, very much. I'm going to do
the drinking song from 'Girofé, 'Say to him,
and the drinking song in the last act from 'The
Grand Duchess, the 'Toreador song' from the
'Queen's Mate, and then I shall do three of my
favorites from 'La Perichole, the 'Letter Song,
the 'Drunken Song,' and the 'Romance' in the
last act. For encores I shall give Gorman
songs and brilliant waltz songs. The same
managers have made me an offer for a regular
tour of Dresden, Budapest, Vienna, and St.
Petresburg, and if I make a great big hit in
Herlin. I may be tempted to take them up.
Trey are going to pay me a lot of money, but I
may sign here before I sail.

"Do you know," she conclud

EASTER DUCKINGS.

The Curious Custom Among Hungarians Celebrate the Braurrection of Christ,

About Easter time mention was made in a Perth Amboy despatch to THE SUN of the queer custom which obtains among the Hungarians of that vicinity of sousing one another with water on the days immediately following Easter Sunday. Lawyer Joseph E. Stricker of Perth Am boy, who is supposed to know the Hungarians well, referred an inquirer regarding the custon to Father Stetovitch, the pastor of the Greek Orthodox Congregation. The priest said:

"They do it in the old country much more han here. There it is told by the priests to the people that on the day when the Christ rose from the tomb some of the people went out into the streets and shouted: 'The ord is risen, 'The Lord is risen.' There were lots of bad people, carcless unbelievers, who said: 'They come and tell us lies of no account to make fools of us. How silly they think we are that we believe that a man will walk out of his tomb as though he were alive." So the people who did not believe the news opened the windows and threw dirty water on the people who were shouting. But the next day they found that it was indeed true that the Christ had risen, and then the careless unbelievers were ashamed, oh, very much ashamed, and they went to the people on whom they had thrown things and said, 'We are sorry; we are ashamed. Let us submit ourselves to you and do you throw things on us and treat us in every way as shamefully as we

are sorry; we are ashamed. Let us submit ourselves to you and do you throw things on us and treat us in every way as shamefully as we treated you yesterday.' And the believers, who were very angry, did sq. and they were avenged on the wicked ones.

"Perhaps that story is not true, but it may have been true. At any rate, the people like to believe it, and every year when Easter Monday comes the nien go to the women and the women pour water on them. Sometimes, if they are very friendly or playful or rough, they throw a whole bucket of water from the window, but if they are nice and pollie, the young men dress themselves in their nice clothes and go to vis the young women, and the young women take water, sometimes it is perfumed extensively, and pour it upon their hands. Now the next day is the men's day, and they throw water on the women, or, as I said before, if they are nice, they go make a visit to the same young women, bathe their hands, and they bathe the young women, shames.

"Sometimes it is a great surprise when one goes to the house of a friend in the morning and does not remember that it is Easter Monday, and the water comes down like a river on his head and he is most angry; but still, no matter how angry he is, he may, if he wishes, take for himself a pail of water and go to his friend's house and stand by the door, and when his friend's wife come out, if it is the next day, he can make them also very wet. There is much fun, and the people have a good time."

Max Schwartz, the proprietor of the Liberty Cafe in East Houston street, which is the recognized headquarters of the Hungarians of the east side, adds to the priest's statement these observations:

"Yes, those are the customs in Hungary, but the Hungarians here do not follow them. The Hungarians here do not follow them. The Hungarians in Perth Amboy came to this country much later. There are a great many of them there. They live close together; they have little to do with any people but themselves, and so they cling to the old customs. I never he

From the London Standard.

Prom the London Standard.

A Bengal Post Office superintendent has received from one of his Babu inspectors this report of an accident at a river which had to be forded owing to the breakdown of a bridge:

"As I was to pass the river or water through my cart for absence of any boat some alligators ran on my oxen hence the oxen getting fear forcibly took away my cart in an abyas below the water of 12 feet which the cartman falled to obstruct. The oxen forcibly left the cart and fled to the other side of the river by swimming. I my self being inside the matscreen of my cart the whole cart fell down in the abyas. I used to cry loudly at the time. The cart with myself was drowned in the meantime the Overseer Babu Mehendra Nath Ghose and my cook jumped on the water and took my cart in a place where 4's water then I myself jumped on the water and asved my life. The alligators getting fear from the cart fled to the roadside and no sooner we came to the road they jumped on the water. Had I been under suffocation for 3 minutes more then there was no hope of my life. " " The nearest residents told thereafter that some men died this year in the abyas by the attack of the alligators. I am much unwell the voice of my speech is fallen low and out

LIQUID AIR EXPERIMENTS.

PROCESS OF REDUCTION AND THE RESULTS THAT ARE OBTAINED.

but slow evaporation which takes place from

than there is between the Croton water as we

draw it from the tap and the boiling water we

To liquefy air it must be reduced to 1-718 part

f its original bulk, or to a temperature of 301

degrees below zero. If it were attempted to

liquefy the air by direct pressure, it would take

nearly 11,000 pounds to the square inch to

accomplish this. Prof. Dewar of England first

wet our tea with,

Tripler's Method of Producing a Liquid with Almost the Same Specific Gravity as Water-At Pirst It Looks Like Skimmed Hille-Its Many Possibilities in Scionce For many years scientific men had believed that not only the air, but all other matter which appears usually in a caseous form, could be reduced to a liquid form, or even to a form equivalent to that of ice or snow, and in some cases possibly to a metallic form, if only enough pressure could be put upon it, or enough cold produced to shrink its volume to this extent, Long ago this was done with sulphurous oxide, the bad-smelling gas which results from burning a sulphur match. This gas takes only a pressure of about forty pounds to the square inch to re-

a 50-pound weight from the other book. He leaves it hanging while he does other experiments, and it will be twenty minutes or more before the mercury gots warm enough to snap in two and let the 50-pound weight drop.

An interesting experiment was one in which the air of the room was actually froson before the eyes of the spectators. This was done by taking some of the liquid air in a glass tube and connecting this tube to an air pump. /s the ordinary air pressure was removed the liquid air boiled with great fury and this so reduced the temperature of that remaining in the tube that the watchers saw the air of the room gather in liquid drops on the outside of the tube and finally trickle down its sides and fall off. During one of these experiments, when a considerable quantity of the liquid air had been spilled, a lot of it ran over the handsome evening gown of one of the women in the parry. It wet the fabric like water and dark spots appeared at once. It was easy to see that the woman was worried about her gown, and although she did not move at once, she was seen examining it carefully a little later. Hy that though she did not move at once, she was seen examining it carefully a little later. Hy that though she did not move at once, she was seen examining it carefully a little later. Hy that though she did not move at once, she was seen examining it carefully a little later. Hy that though she did not move at once, she was seen examining to experiment with. It furnishes such rich stores of oxygen that when it is in contact with combustibles it may explode or produce violent conflagrations if a match be applied. Mr. Tripler discovered, this at first by an unconfortable accident. He was showing some liquid air to a party of friends in a restaurant one evening and for their edification he had troom a glass of whiskey. Thou he offered to up any severely. It does not require ordinary combustibles, even, to make a hot fire. A wire of iron or steel will burn fiercely if lighted with a match at the sourace of the liqui duce it to a liquid form, or to be brought to the zero temperature of the Fahrenheit thermoeter to produce the same result. Carbonic acid gas was one of the next of these invisible and almost intangible substances to be brought to a liquid form, and this soon afterward was actually frozen into a silvery snow, which would retain this form for a long time in the open air. With this carbonic acid snow many interesting experiments were tried, showing the effects upon various substances of degrees of cold, such as man had never before been able to produce and far below any which are known in nature. But to reduce carbonic acid gas to a liquid form required a pressure of 800 pounds

to cover steam pipes, burned as if it were oilsoaked after it had been soaked with liquid air and lighted with a march.

Another interesting experiment shown with liquid air is the liquefying of ordinary street gas. This was done by simply taking a glass tube open at the top and inserting its closed bottom in a jar of liquid air, while the street gas was turned into it at the top. There was no smell of gas in the room, and a few moments later, when the tube was taken away from the gas pipe, it was found partly filled with the street gas in a liquid form. A cork was now inserted in the top of the tube, having a small pipe in it, and as the street gas began to evaporate a match was touched to this pipe. The gas did not return to its former composition as it evaporated. First there arose the lighter parts, which burned with a blue fiame, and then came a part which burned with a blue fiame, and then came a part which burned with a blue fiame, and then came a part which burned with a pellow fiame, and finally a heavy part, which made a great smoke. Whether liquid air can be made of commercial value or not is uncertain. Mr. Tripler declares that he can produce it for 60 or 80 cents a gallon and that it can be used for a great many purposes. Among these are refrigerating instead of ice and for the production of power by using its expansive force in an engine like a steam engine. For household refrigerating he would pour a pint or so of the liquid air into a refrigerator every day and get coolness and a supply of fresh air to keep the ice box sweet by its evaporation. He has many other schemes, such as using it instead of powder to shoot cannon balls.

Science believes that it has found in liquid air a means of learning much which has heretofore been a mystery about physics, by using the intense cold in connection with a study of the qualities of metals and other substances, just as heat has been used, and it also believes that Mr. Tripler's method of producing liquid air. to the square inch at ordinary temperatures and a pressure of 525 pounds to the inch even when the temperature of the gas is reduced to the freezing point of water. At 70 degrees below zero the carbonic acid gas becomes transparent ice. The liquefied gas turns back into its gaseous form at once when the pressure upon it is removed, and therefore it could not be used in that form for experiments. By letting a stream of the gas escape through the meshes of a wool en bag the carbonic acld snow could be produced and gathered in large quantities. The gas, as it expanded, demanded and drow heat from all about it, and in the absence of heat equivalent to its enlargement in form the temperature of the gas fell until a considerable part of it was frozen by the rest and caught in the meshes of the bag. The temperature of this snow is never higher than 85 degrees below zero, and the constant

its exposed surface reduces this to about 125 degrees below zero. By mixing this snow with ether, a more rapid evaporation was produced, and this reduced the temperature of the mixture 25 degrees lower, to 150 below zero. the qualities of metals and other substances, just as heat has been used, and it also believes that Mr. Tripler's method of producing liquid air may be applied to the reduction of all the other gates and bringing them to a liquid or perhaps a solid form. In this way it might be possible to prove beyond a question whether, for example, hydrogen is or is not a metal. Hydrogen has been frozen in some experiments, and as it fell in minute drops it made a rattling noise on the floor as if it had a solid centre to each drop, but it was in such small particles and so evanescent that no actual examination was made of it. Until liquefied air was produced in large quantities this was the lowest temperature which could be produced and held for any appreciable time for experimental purposes. But to day we are able to liquefy air, to turn it into a liquid which seems as stable as water and as impid and harmless, and yet this simple-looking material is so cold that if some of the frozen car sonic seid gas be thrown into it, with its tem perature of 150 degrees below zero, it would et the air to boiling violently, and there would be a greater difference in their temperatures

Mande of it.

Mr. Tripler, as has been said, is furnishing considerable quantities of the liquid air to Commbis University, and Prof. Rood of the physics department is engaged in a line of experiments with it which, he believes, will prove of great

HIS PRAYER FOR THE BISHOP. in Old Negro's Eloquent Appeal in Behalf of "de Deciding Elder."

Bishop Hartzell, the Methodist Episcopal Sishop of Africa, tells a story of a prayer that was offered for him by a freedman of the South in the pine forests of eastern Louisiana. It is an incident of the Bishop's twenty-five years of work among the millions of freedmen before he

vas sent to Africa. 'I had an appointment," says the Bishop, that required a drive of 60 miles through the ine forests. It was the rainy season, and we and several bayous to cross. There were n bridges, so the only way was to swim over, first ending the horses shead, then swimming our selves. An old man, one of our preachers, was with me as guide. Early on Sunday morning the people began to come from all directions, or oot, sometimes two or three on a mule, is carts, from up and down Pearl River in canoes or perogues, as they call them, until by 10 o'clock there was certainly a gathering of 3,000 freedmen. I was the first white man who had come to them since 'Massa Linkun' had issued the emancipation proclamation and our awful war had ended. I was the only white man in that was company.

nearly 11,000 points to the square and to accomplish this. Prof. Dewar of England first succeeded in producing liquefied air about three years ago. He used a combination of pressures and refrigerations, but he was able to secure only small quantities of this interesting liquid. Mr. Charles E. Tripler of this city has since succeeded in producing liquid air in large quantities, and this he has supplied freely to Columbia College and alber scientific institutions for experimental purposes, besides giving many interesting exhibitions of it himself. Mr. Tripler has not made the details of his liquefying machine public, but it is pretty well known how it works. Mr. Tripler begins the compression of the air by using an air pump, driven by a twenty horse power steam engine. This squeezes the air down to a pressure of perhaps 2.500 to 3,000 pounds to the square inch. In this state, where the heat made manifest by compression is taken away by flowing water. After this a little of the cooled air is allowed to escape through a pinhote into a long, small copper tube, while other parts of the air are allowed to escape and expand about the outside of the tube, in a space inclosed with a thick non-conducting covering. Gradually the temperature of the air within the tube is reduced, until at last it settles into the lower end of the tube as a louid and is drawn off at will by the turning of of the air within the tube is reduced, until at last it settles into the lower end of the tube as a liquid and is drawn off at will by the turning of a stopcock. As the liquid air is drawn off it resembles skimmed milk in color and consistency. The milky look is due to the gaseous impurities which the free air had contained, and these are now present in a purely mechanical form. The impurities are water and carbonic acid gas. Both have been frozen into minute particles of snow as the air was cooled, and these bits are floating in the liquid air.

To get rid of these the air is poured through war had ended. I was the only white that vast company.

They had erected a great arbor and covered it with bushes, at one end of which was a rough stand for the preachers, in regular Western camp-meeting style. A little way off was a log church in a clump of bushes, and just before the public services began the Sunday school superintender, as they called him, marched out, followed by his long line of black boys and girls, singing as they came. He was the only black man in that neighborhood who could read him. 'superintender,' as they called him, marched out, followed by his long line of black boys and girls, singing as they came. He was the only black man in that neighborhood who could read and write, so the Governor of the State had appointed him Justice of the Peace, and I had appointed him Justice of the Peace, and I had appointed him Justice of the Peace, and I had appointed him Justice of the district, on logal cap paper and follow his signature with the formal oath of a Justice of the Peace. This I suppose he did to insure their correctness.

"Just before beginning to preach an old white-haired man with a voice of mellow tone and a heart as tender as a child's came up and laid his hand on my head, saying. 'God bless yer, sonny, I is glad to see yer. I replied, I am glad to see you, my old friend,' but seeing that his clothes were wet to his armnits, I said, 'but how did you get so wot!' 'Oh,' said he, 'I had to wade through de swamps part ob de twenty miles. I is glad to see yer, out I made up me mind by de grace ob God I was gwine to see dat young Deciding Elder what was coming here to preach de Gospel to his no colored children in dese lowlands. I is glad to see yer, 'I learned that he was an exhorter or 'exhauster,' as they called him, and I said, 'You must pray for me before I begin preaching.'

"After a song of marvellous pathos by that vast audience, in which everbody present joined, keeping time by swaying their bodles in perfect unison, I called on the old man to pray. No words can describe his appearance or the iltering paper, just as one would filter water. It comes through as a beautiful, tupid liquor of almost the same specific gravity as water, and of a beautiful light blue color. The color, it is known, is due to the oxygen. One of the pretty experiments shown is to prove the nearness of liquid air and water in specific gravity. A lit is liquid air and water in specific gravity. A lit is liquid air is poured upon the top of a jar of water, it boils and bubbler, and perhaps in most cases sets up such a hubbub that it all disappears before it gets quiet enough for the experiment to succeed, but if this does not happen, the observer will finally see the liquid air in a sort of funnel shape, and at last a drop will separate from this and sink just a little lower, and so continuing will perhaps finally reach the bottom of the jar before it all boils away. In the state in which the liquid air is poured on the water the experiment proves that it is just a little lighter than the water. In that condition it contains about one-fourth oxygen and three-fourths nitrogen. The nitrogen is more volgitle than the oxygen and lighter. This boils off faster than the oxygen and so leaves the liquid heavier than it was, and it begins to sink. Finally, when little is left but the oxygen, it sinks to the bottom.

This liquid air is curious stuff. It cannot be handled in vessels of iron, steel, glass or rubber, for it makes all of these substances so brittle, by its intense coid, that they would snap to pleess at the slightest provocation, One of the experiments shown is to take an ordinary tin cup and cool it for a moment by holding it in the liquid air. When it is withdrawn it can be broken into bits with the tingers just as if it were a wafer. As the metal gets warm again it resumes its ordinary toughness. You can touch the liquid air the gloved ingers through the fingers, when a wound started to touch itselliquid air with gloved ingers she was stopped and warned that a moment is humersion under such circumstances would burn her land

unison. I called on the old man to pray. No works can describe his appearance or the bash of perfect silence that settled down upon the audience as the old man knelt down and lifted his long arms toward the sky, and looking up with open eyes to heaven he began in a low

lifted his long arms toward the sky, and looking up with open eyes to heaven he began in a low tremulous tone;

"O Lord, bless our young Deciding Elder, who has come from far to preach Your blessed Gospel to us po' childen in de lowlands ob serrow and obsin. O Lord, put Your arm round 'im, and may dat arm be to 'im like a broad belt ob go!'. O Lord, give 'im de wisdom ob de olden times and knowledge ob de profits and de kings. Nail his ear to de wisdom post. Rough shoe 'im with de preparation. Front and fight his ebery battle. May de kingdom ob Satan tremble, reel, and fall to de ground before im, and Your own kingdom. O Lord, be built on de rains thereob. Take care ob 'in like you did Your children long time ago in de wilderness. In de night time You led 'em with fire and in de daytime You went before 'em with a cloudy pillar. O Lord, dese am troublous times, and innany people son't care to hab our Deciding Elder come to us from de great city, sleen in our cabins, leveh our children, and preach de Gospel to us, but, O Lord, Thou hast sent 'im and Thou wilt care for 'im. Lead 'im, too, with de fire and de cloudy pillar.'

"Then the old gann became embarrassed. His idea was to ask God to lead and protest me, but he had in his thought the pillar of fire at night and the cloudy pillar ob day, and he wanted a wail of protection put behind me so my enemies could not overtake me; but the more he tried to get the sentences straight the more he tried to get the sentences straight the more he tried to get the sentences straight the more he became perplexed, and, like a great many other preachers the greater his embarrassed through the great forests, he shouted in sheer desperation: 'O Lord, put a wall before 'im and a fire behind 'im, 'but the order of his words did not signify. His thought was manifest, and the great gathering shouted 'Amen' and a fire control to the order of his words did not signify. His thought was manifest, and the great gathering shouted 'Amen' and a fire control to be order of his words did not s

Ye had services all day, preaching or sing-"We mad services all day, preaching or sing-ing, comforting the bereaved, and finally ar-ranged to build a church. I promising to give enough from our church extension fund to buy the nails, windows, and doors, the congregation to do the rest."

Mr. O's Troubles From a Lucky Grave Site.

From the Scoul Independent.
When the former Minister of Law, Cho Pyeng When the former Minister of Law, Cho Pyengsik, was Governor of Chungchong province he was told by a geomancer that the site of one O Hen-keun's house was the lucklest spot for a grave. Governor Cho asked O to give him that site, but the latter refused. Then the Governor changed his tactics from diplomacy to force. He issued a proclamation charging O with being the most undutiful son in the province, and his whole family as immoral. The law requires the Governor to exterminate such criminals from the face of the earth, and he (Cho Pyeng-sik) despatched a company of the Governor's body-guard to the town where the O family lived, destroying every house in the village, and killing eight persons and injuring six. After thus exterminating the O's the Governor appropriated the site of their house and built a vault on it for its future grave. The court has now restored the property to the lawful heirs and made Mr. Cho pay an indemnity of \$10,000 for the murder of the eight persons. against the wall broke into bits exactly as if it were thin glass.

Mercury forms the base for a number of interesting experiments. Prof. Harker of Pulladelphia, who has been showing liquid air in a number of lectures, takes about two pounds of this mobile metal and pours it into a hammer-shaped wooden mould, at the same time standing an ordinary wooden hammer handle in it in the mould. Then he pours liquid air over the mercury a few times and eventually takes out the mercury, frozen solid about the bandle, and drives nails with it as if it were a hammer of iron. Mr. Tripler pours mercury into a trough about eight inches long and places in each end of the trough some iron hooks. He freezes the mercury, removes it from the trough, and hanging it up by one of the hooks, suspends

THE MINOR POET WEDDED.

HOUSEHOLD OFER A CUP OF TEA. Chests That Haust the House Hunter-Scaurp of the Removal People-The Lost Bride to filippers-Cherus of the Sympathining Major and His Wife-Marriage's First Stage There can be no doubt that, even for a minor poet, Aubrey's appearance that afternoon was His vellow silk necktie was a mere collapse; his hair wandered over his forehead and face in black, clotted streaks; his clothes were worn and muddy. Even the Major and the Major's wife, who knew his little ways, were

Good beavens, man,", said the Major, what's happened? Did the Spaniards find you! I thought those patriotic poems of yours could-"No," said the Poet, "not that. This is worse

startled for the moment.

than Cuba." "It must be dreadful, then," said the Major's

"It is," said the Poet. "I have been married six weeks." "Oh, come," said the Major. "It's a bit of a hange, I know, just at first, but surely not as bad as all that,"

"I hope not," replied the Poet, "but on learns a lot in six weeks. Tell me, Major, you know the world better than I do-do all women's dresses do up at the back ! Yes, it is a change hope it will be a complete one, I shouldn't like to come out a queer, speckled monster, all spotted over with bachelor habits." "No fear of that," said the Major, "I thought

would be my fate-once. But I've put on flesh since then.' "Where are you living ?" asked the Major's

wife. "Nowhere," said the Poet. "At least I think not, To-day America is the nearest address I can give you. To-morrow we enter on our some. For four weeks Annie and I have lived under an infinite succession of house hunts. We have wandered into every eligible suburb, with rusty keys and pink order forms in hand, in earch of the ideal home—a new Adam and Eve, passing hand in hand out of the excellent parailse of honeymooning. I can assure you it was anything but an amusement. Weariness disappointment, anxiety, hands dirty with prying mong cisterns, clothes soiled from cellar walls -I suppose you have been through it all. We had mapped out our home together so often-Annie and I-that I never thought we should have any difficulty in finding it." You have found it ?" said the Major's wife.

"Yes, we have. To me the exquisite exasper ation of this business of house-hunting is that it s so entirely a choice of second-hand or, at least, ready-made goods. There is a suggestion of the dead body in your empty house that has once been occupied. Here, like pale ghosts upon the wall paper, are outlined the pictures of the departed tenant; here are the nails of the vanshed curtains; this dent in the wall is all that is sensible of a once visible piano. I could fancy all these things creeping back into plain sight as the light grew dim. Some one was irritable n the house, perhaps, and a haunting fragrance of departed quarrels is to be found in the oose door handles and the broken bell wire. Then the blind in the bedroom has a broken string. He was a beer drinker, for the fragments of bottles have left their mark in the cellar; a careless man, for this wall is a record of burst water pipes, and rough in his methods, as his emendation of the door hinge shows. 'The trail of this prepotent, previous man is left all over the house, from cellar to attic. It is his house really, not mine. And against these haunting individualities set the horrible wholesale flavor, the obvious dexterous builder's economies of a new house, Yet whatever your repulsion may be, the end is always the same. After you have asked for your ideal house a hundred times or so, you begin to see you do not get it. You go the way of your kind. All houses are bought in despair. "Hut, my dear fellow," said the Major, "you are not beginning married life in a proper spirit. You—"
"I'm sorry if I've bored you," said the Poet.
"I've had an awful day. No minor poet ever

"I've had an awful day. No minor poet ever and such a time. I'm sorry to wear this jacket, too. I ought to have apologized before."
"We are glad to see you," said the Major's wife, "in any jacket."
"They came," said the Poet, "while we were

at breakfast."
"Did you catch on a nail," asked the Major.
"Oh, I don't mean these holes at the clbows.
They have been there for years. I mean the
Removal People."
"Then you actually are moving i" said the
Major's wife.
"They been moved. These been formuch by I have been moved. I have been torn up by

I have been moved. I have been torn up by my roots from my old bachelor rooms by three stalwart young men in green aprous and flungthank you-flung like an uprooted scawced into the dust and sunlight. I have been wilting all day. I had scarcely strength to get to you. They came upon us while we were at breakfast. Nine o clock it was, Annie had been horribly anxious to pack, and they took off two portmanteau things that she meant to take with us when we go down there to-morrow, with all

"Where is Annie! You should have brought her—" "I've lost her!"
"Lost her!"
"At least, she's somewhere over there," said the Poet, pointing toward the southeast of New York, "shuffling about in a pair of slippers—the shoes were in one of the portmanteau things—trying to find a servant, poor girl."
"They're terrible things to find," said the Major's wife.
"I told her so," said the Poet, "but she would go, Our rooms were simply horrible. The Re-

go. Our rooms were simply horrible. The Removal People left nothing but bits of straw and string and some newsoapers and my last year's straw hat and the handle of an old baseball club. I tried to make myself comfortable, but it was no good—in spite of my simple Lastes. There was nothing to sit on but the fleor and the window sill. We never expected them to come so soon. The man I went to see kept on making arrangements and I kept on saying yes, and perhaps be did say 9 in the morning. He ought to have known better, of course. I told Annie that I'd arranged for them to come at a sensible time and told her not to bother about packing things. Of course, she never minded me—luckily, as it turned out. We are going to dine and sleep at Reuningway's to-night. It's curlous the sense of detachment I feet. All my nome bottled up in a big van and drifting heaven knows whither, and I here.

"Is this your first move!" said the Major.

"My first. I should fancy death is something like it. I'm a kind of disembotied household. All that is mortal of me—from the point of view of a debtor, at least—is gone. I am at large. The world is all before me—you know how it goes on. The poor hull of a home, all jumbled into that coffin of a van, goes tumbling to its destination. At first I feel a little almiess. I can quite understand how it is that spirits attend seances. However, it's only for lo-day. To-morrow I shall be reincarnate. My home—our home—will rise like a phoenix from its ashes. All that new furniture—"But you don't think—!" said the Majors.

"What I' said the Poet." Our rooms were simply horrible. The Re-eval People left nothing but bits of straw and

"But you don't think—!" said the Major's wife.
"What I' said the Poet.
"That your new house will arrange itself!"
"There will be the pictures to hang, of course," said the Poet.
"He takes no thought for the morrow," said the Major, "what he shall eat, nor wherewithal he shall eat it. Do you remember our first move!"
"When the methylated spirits came out and washed the blue off the paper on to the sugar." "When the methylated spirits came out and washed the blue off the paper on to the sugar." said the Major's wife.

"Which didn't matter," said the Major, "because no one had turned on the water and we couldn't have any tea."

"And the coffee got loose among the crackers."

"And all the cullery we could get at was your pocketknife and a packing needle."

"And the boiler cracked when the water came

And the man who being up the blinds got "And the rival milkmen fought outside the

drunk."

"And the rival milkmen fought outside the area door."

"How tired we were!"

"And how you vowed you would never think of moving out of the house again—not if an avalanch hung over it. Better that, you said."

"And two of the carpets from Smith's were the wrong size and the floors of the barlor and dining room went bare for a week or more."

The gust of reminis ence had been too atrong for the Poet. But now he got a word in.

"I don't understand," he said. "Are thore other throes!"

"Oh, you haven't begun," said the Major."

"Not any more, 'said the Poet, "please," He replaced his toacup. The Major and his wife confessed afterward to a sudden pang of remorse as he rose.

"You are not going?" said the Major's wife.

"I think I will," he said, "I shall go about New York and try and find Annie, I think."

"His ever fell on the clock. He sighel and turned sadly to say good by."

"Of course, 'said the Major's wife, when the door was closed, "we ought to have thought."

"He will get more of it at Hemingway's, said the Major. "Hemingway is sure to tell him all about that house his uncle took, when the whole family hed typhoid right sway. At least we said nothing on that aspect of the question."

"No," said the well we got a virtuous."

question."
"No," said his wife, trying to feel virtuous.
"We spared him all we could." "We spared him all we could."
From downstairs cause plaintive muttenings:
"Cuba-Armenia—Bulgoria—this beats them
all." Then the front door slammed.

All Learned Leasons Which Should Insure Thet Safety and That of Other Propie THOUGHTS OF A DISEMBODIED

Some time before the close of last year's cy cling season there was a good deal of specula tion as to the effect that the large number of accidents among wheelmen during 1897 would have upon riders this year. "Are cyclists likely to exercise greater care in the future?' Will new measures and devices be employed for the wheelman's protection!" and pedestrians treat wheelmen with more consideration?" "Will the bicycle police be abic to reform the scorcher!" and "Will the accident record this season discourage people from riding wheels next spring?" These were ome of the questions which bievelists, male and female, asked each other last October as they reviewed the season's happenings awheel and looked forward to another year.

Although the number of active bievelists in New York is probably smaller by many thousands than it will be next June, the reason is advanced far enough to clearly foreshadow the conditions likely to exist among wheelmen when they turn out in their full strength. So far this year the casualties arising from the wheel's use in this city have not been numerous. Scarcely more than a dozen serious accidents have been reported to the newspapers, and many of those were, apparently, caused by forgetfulness on the part of the riders. A few consters have suffered through lagk of cantion, and several scorchers, unmindful of last year's experiences, have repeated their performance and been taught a new lesson. Excluding coasters and scorchers, the wheel has behaved admirably since the opening of spring.

Last summer some wheelmen and wheelwomen expressed considerable unwillingness to risk their limbs on the thoroughfares of New York and its suburbs so long as cyclists were interfered with and their lives endangered by scorchers and unfriendly drivers. It was shown that a very legical property of the selection of the suburbs of the property of the selection of the property o ands than it will be next June, the reason is ad-

New York and its suburbs so long as cyclista were interfered with and their lives endangered by scorchers and unfriendly drivers. It was shown that a very large percentage of the worst accidents to wheelmen during the year were due to these two causes, in spite of the measures taken to prevent them, and it was feared that that fact might cause many riders, particularly of the feminion sex, to discard the bike as a dangerous machine. But it was discovered that there were more ways than one to deal with molesting drivers. The cyclist's old way, which was to argue with them in the wheel by law, was supplanted by the practice of calling a policeman to settle the question. The application of the latter method, which generally resulted in a fine for the offender, made interferences by drivers much more rare.

The reformation of the scorcher has been extremely difficult. In the presence of a bicycle cop he straightens up and rides at proper speed, but once out of the policeman's vision he again curves his vertebræ and rushes along at express train speed. But the habitual scorcher does not escape detection nowadays as easily as he used to. His pose, his tactics, and the peculiar shape of his handle bar are characteristics which the bluecoat is now thoroughly familiar with, and because a scorcher succeeds in evading the law once is no sign he will be able to do so again. More than one member of that lawless fraternity who thought he was afely beyond the view of a copper has

will be able to do so again. More that ember of that lawless fraternity who the he will be able to do so again. More than one member of that lawless fraternity who thought he was safely beyond the view of a copper has been surprised when it was too late to help matters to hear the command to slow up.

Ricycle riders are fully aware that the long list of casualties which resulted from wheeling last year was to no small extent made up of mishaps for which pure carelessness on the part of the pedallers themselves was alone resuonsible. Despite frequent warnings to the effect that a bicycle is always more liable to be upset than a vehicle with four wheels, some riders appeared to ignore the fact, and in consequence started the new year with scars and bruises which tell of their owners' mistake.

Unless the indications are false, bicyclists are better prepared to 'ake care of themselves this year and are less to be feared by pedestrians than they have been in the past, and new riders, it is to be hoped, will follow the example of the more experienced and use proper care and discretion.

POLICE STATIONS IN 1848. Some Details in This City Fifty Years Ago Which Seem Curious Now.

Fifty years ago, in 1848, there were established n New York what were known as "day staons," where policemen were required to be in attendance, and where, to quote the rule of the department, "citizens in the neighborhood of the station who require the services of a policeman can always find one on duty, from sunrise to support." Nine policemen at that period were detailed for service in the basement of the City Hall, then the Police Headquarters of the city, to act as inspectors of carts, stages, junkshops, hacks, and pawnbrokers. Fourteen policemen were detailed as bellringers in the several districts in town where fire alarm signals were given by the ringing of bells, and there were in addition eighteen police stations, established usually in buildings belonging to the city, but not devoted exclusively to police uses.

The first police station was in Franklin Market, upstairs; the second was in Gold street. the third in Robinson, the fourth in Rooseveltthe third in Robinson, the fourth in Rooseveltnd the fifth in Leonard. The police of the
Sixth precinct, or ward, at that time the most
turbulent and disorderly in town, had their
headquarters in the Tombs. There were sixty,
six policemen for that precinct—the present
number in the same precinct is 114—and their
labors appear to have been of an onerous character, for besides the work of bellringing, of
court attendance, and of dock inspection—the
police of those days were dockmasters—they
had charge of the jails and those incarcerated
in them,

The details of police officers in those days seem rather curious. Two were "scriveners" at the office of Chief of Police, two were inseem rather curious. Two were "scriveners at the office of Chief of Police, two were inspectors of stages, two inspectors of hacks, one man was detailed at the almshouse, one was an inspector of pawnbrokers, and one occupied the peculiar position of being a "physician-policeman." He was a doctor who, after securing his diploms, was appointed on the police force. The police station in the Seventh precinct was in Pike street, the Eighth in Prince street, while the Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh, respectively, were in Jefferson Market, Essex Market, and Union Market. The police of the uptown districts, which then included the whole of New York north of Forticth street, had their head-quarters in the House of Detention in Harlem. The Thirteenth precinct was in Attorney street, as now, the Fifteenth in Mercer street, as now. The headquarters of the Fourteenth precinct was in Centre Market, of the Seventeenth in Third street, near the Bowery, and of the Eigtheenth in Twonty-ninth street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues.

APOTHECARIES GOING TO WAR. A Lead-Pipe Cinch for Sentors at the New

York College of Pharmacy. The graduating class of the New York College of Pharmacy will be minus several of its members when the final exercises take place and diplomas are dealt out. The other day a nouncing that thirty anotheraries were needed as assistants to naval surgeons. Before the paste was dry on the bulletin, several of the college seniors were making a spirited dash for the navy yard, and all of the college candidates succeeded in passing the examination. Some of the other applicants whose diplomas have grown rusty, but who have had years of practical exserience since their college days, failed on the caminations which the well-crammed collegians passed with a rush.

Any man with a certificate of graduation from

school of pharmacy is eligible, if he can pass the examinations, which are said to be severe,

a school of pharmacy is eligible, if he can pass
the examinations, which are said to be severe,
but, of course, men with practical knowledge of
bandaging and surgleal methods, are particularly vanuable. There are a number of apothecaries among the applicants who have taken
Red Cross instruction and are well prepared to
a-slat the surgeons under whose directions they
work, as well as to take charge of medical and
surgical supplies and put up prescriptions.

The college boys are particularly enthusiantic, as the chances of war strike them much
more favorably than the four years apprenteeship to which every aspiring anothecary is
doomed, even after he has his diploms. Many
of the students serve their apprenticeship along
with their college course, but in the majority of
cases a year or two of the probation is left until
after graduation. The salary of an apprentice
for the entire four years is only \$1,000, and one
cannot live sempluously on this, so a naval
job at \$40 a mon h and expenses appeals to the
youth's mercenary side as well as to his patriotism, and the successful candidates are unanimous in pronouncing the opportunity a leadpipe cincle. It is only fair to say that the motive most in evidence among the verng apothecaries is a wild cu-husiasm over the war and a
burning desire to get into the thick of the fight
in some causeffy.

One roung fellow was lucky enough to be at
the navy yard when the order to cult-tapathecaries was received, and he passed his examnation, was assigned to a shio, and sailed—all
within twenty-four hours. A note received
from him by one of his friends is explicate in its
apothecary shop is directly under one of the
big guns, and he sees its finish when that gur
goes off.

The only thing that dampens the ardor of
some of the successful scalors is that they enlisted withour stopping to consult their families
about it, and now they are sitting un nights
and arranging strategic plans for breaking the
news to their reliatives.

and arranging strategic plans for breaking the news to their relatives.

"I have to go," explained one of the boys, "It would be flying in the face of Providence not to do it. Why, if this think had happened when I was only a junior I'd have lain down and died of pure chagran."

WHERE THE SICULIARS AND AT | WAYS OF THE SINGULTUS.

WILT FOR OF MANKIND NOT TO BE REGARDED LIGHTLY.

Fights Under Palse Colors and Blames Others When He Slays-Threatens Girls' Schools as Well no 4 o'Clock-to-the-Morning Mon-Feurs Spells as Well as Becture and

There are frivolous people who speak lightly f blecoughs, but they have never heard a doe tor talk Jearnedly about "singultus" and have never relaxed their minds over the cheerful pages of mealcal journals. From the moment one reads that blecough or singuitus is "interrupted inspiration produced by audden and spasmodic diaphragm inclosure of the glottis in the midst of inspiration," one realizes that the subject must be approached with reverence. One may not exactly know what the dlaphengua and the glottis are; but one is convinced that, L' the former incloses the latter dies results est follow. An inquiring mind wonders, soo, whether the suspended inspiration of many literary geniuses could be traced to the swallowing of the glottle by the diaphragm.

The general public regards hiccoughs as animaignificant phenomenon which has a perverse way of turning up during silent prayer and pianissimo passages of music and in the midst of a man's explanation of his coming home at 4 o'clock in the morning. It is, they think, inconvenient, but not dangerous save in Jeresy, where serious cases occur annually. But if every one knew the possibilities and the devious ways of the wily singultus, no one could have even a mild attack with cheerful screnity. Even a baby wouldn't be allowed to enjoy his after dinner blocough in peace. In the first place blecough is a symptom

rather than a disease. That complicates matters. If it were a disease, one who had it would at least have the satisfaction of knowing his silment; but since it is a symptom, it may mean any one of a host of things, and the sufferer may figure on anything from overeating to Bright's disease or epileptic fits. Singultus, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. All hiscoughs may look alike to the uninitiated, but to the learned they group themselves under the heads of irritative, specific and neurotic. They all come from a disturbance of the nerves of the diaphragm, but that disturbance must be referred to some primary cause.

Imitative hiccoughs may be caused by swalowing very hot substances or by any gastric or intestinal disorder. The 4 o'clock in the moraing biccoughs are an instance of the effects of not stuff, and hiccoughs following eating can be classed as irritative and set down to digestive derangement. Specific cases are the result of some constitutional disorder, such as gout, diabetes, or Bright's disease; and neurotic biccoughs have their primary causes in the nerve system, often accompanying's nerve shock, hysteria, or epilepsy. Of the three was rieties the imitative hiccough yields most readlly to treatment, and the neurotic is the most- obstinate. Almost all cases of persistent hiccoughs are neurotic, and nervous hiscough has even been known to become epilemic. The latter fact opens up vistas of wful possibility. Epidemic hysteria is a boarding-school specialty, and is one of the most exasperating problems with which the teacher has to deal. One invertebrate girl with a letter from home can bowl over a whole school, if the girls happen to be in receptive mood; and nothing but Spartan treatment will restore reason and order. Now, if the hysteria were accompanied by epidemic hiccough-which medical authorities assure us would be quite ossible-there would be nothing to do but follow the example of a famous German boardlow the example of a famous terman boarding school, which, when a hysteria epidemic
broke out among its stolid German madchen,
collapsed in mystification and despair and
closed its doors. The periodic Jersey cases of
hiccough which excite the medical and journalistic worlds are usually neurotic—a fact that
seems natural and easily explained on the
theory that life in Jersey must be a nerve-wearing experience.

The number of remedies for biccoughs is legion, and the medical profession hasn't a monopoly of them. An obstinate case of hiccoughs in the family must be nearly as exciting as a fire, for, as soon as the disease assumes a serious character, the newspapers notice it, and comments upon it go out through the country. Then letters and telegrams begin to pour in upon the victim. In every out of the way corner of the country is some one who has a sure cure for hiccoughs and is charitable enough to want to relieve the sufferer. During a recens serious case of hiccoughs near New York hundreds of suggestions were received from unknown people, and the list of prescriptions was intensely funny, though the family was too anxious to appreciate the humor. However, the remedy that was most often recommended, even by those outside the medical world, was amy initrate, which is one of the hiccough medicines most valued by physicians.

Medical science recognizes various classes of reatment for hiccoughs, and doctors talk profoundly of anti-spasmodic, empirical, and physiological methods, but, in an obstinate case, all three classes of remedies are tried with beautiful impartiality, and even the unscientific suggestions of old ladies are not scorned. Antispasmodic remedies include chloral, amyl nitrate, cocaine, and morphine. In case of inng experience.
The number of remedies for hiccoughs is le-

three classes of remedies are tried with beautiful impartiality, and even the unscientific suggestions of old ladies are not scorned. Antispasmodic remedies include chloral, amyl nitrate, cocaine, and morphine. In case of inflammation local bleeding, leeches, and ice applications are tried; and if the trouble is due to gastritis, bismuth, magnesia, and cocaine are valuable. If the hiecoughs are of the initative variety the necessity is to remove the cause of irritation. That is not always so easy as it sounds, but it is a safe thing to give a dose of castor oil on faith.

Neurotic blecoughs, being a nervous affection, require nerve treatment. Valerian and assfertida are given, but one of the most common methods of treatment is to raise the parient's arms above his head and then bring strong pressure to bear on the phrenic nerve, which is located near the collar bone. It is frequently the case that where all deeply scientific treatment falls some one of the simpler empirical remedies will effect a cure; and one of these remedies has had a long and honorable carses, for one finds mention of it as far back as the time of Plato. Hiccoughs are no respecters of of persons, and evidently did not healtate to attack even the noble Athenians; for in Plato's symposium one recade that the physician Ergximachus recommended to Aristophanes, who had hiccoughs, that he should hold his breath or gargie with cold water, and if the blocoughs would not yield to that treatment he must tickle with the particular and the resultant sneezing cured a persistent case of neurotic blocoughs which had for twelve days defied all scientific treatment. Raw whiskey and hot brandy are among the niccough remedies; so are sait and vinegar, salt and lemon and red pepper tea—which is given on the principle that to lose one's breath is the same thing as to hold it.

Some physicians advise "thythmical prospusion of the tongue," which heing interpreted, means repeatedly sticking out one's tongue as far as possible and drawing it back again. Considerabl

number of cases of hiccoughs ending fa-

HERE'S YOUR ORATOR.

A Figure of National Conventions Brought Out in how York by the War.

People who have attended national convenons will recall the orator of the corridor and the street. No one ever knew whence the cator comes, but he was loaded with political data, and was never known to hesitate at a data, and was never known to nestate at a question. He discussed platforms more than men. When the crowd became too insistent he moved to some other place. Thither the crowd followed or a fresh one gathered. As long as the convention was in town this orator remained. When the crowds left, the orator left, and was heard of no more until the next convention.

left, and was heard or no house.

The war has brought him out. He explains the balletins in Newspaper Row, and late in the night, long after the throng has gone, he railles the stragglers under the nearest light and tells them exactly how the war is to be conducted. And the growd encourages him with liberal applause, and